

THE STORY OF OUR LIVES FROM YEAR TO YEAR

ALL THE YEAR ROUND

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VERONICA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AUNT MARGARET'S TROUBLE."
IN FIVE BOOKS.

BOOK IV.

CHAPTER X. THE MEETING.

WHEN Maud, following her conductor, reached the door of the sitting-room, she stopped the servant by a quick gesture from opening it and announcing her.

"I am expected," she said, almost in a whisper. "I will go in by myself."

She entered a large, dimly-lighted room. The furniture, always sombre, had once been also rich, but was now merely dingy. A fire burnt in a low, wide grate at one end of it. On the tall, old-fashioned mantelpiece stood a couple of branch candlesticks, holding lighted wax tapers. From their position, these illumined only the upper part of the room; the rest was more or less in deep shadow. There was a large arm-chair drawn to one side of the fireplace. Its back was toward the principal door of the room. But one entering from the staircase could see the long draperies of the occupant of the chair, against which a white drooping hand was strongly relieved.

Maud stood still for a second. Not for longer than a second; for, almost immediately, she closed the door behind her; and the noise, though slight, attracted the attention of the solitary person who sat there. Maud had but an instant in which to observe her melancholy drooping attitude, when the lady turned her head, peering into the dimness of the distant part of the room, and suddenly rose and leaned with both hands on the back of her chair.

"Veronica!"

Veronica drew in her breath with a great

gasp, almost like a sob, and held out her arms. In an instant Maud held her in a close embrace, kissing her and crying over her with a gush of unrestrained tears.

But Veronica stood as silent as a statue, straining the other tightly in her arms, tearless, and with ice-cold hands and lips, until all at once she pressed Maud down into the chair, and sank on to the floor at her feet in her old familiar posture, burying her face on Maud's knees.

Presently Maud spoke. "Dear Veronica, will you not get up and sit beside me? I want to see you."

Veronica raised her head.

"And I want to see *you*, Maudie. It all seems unreal. I can't believe that I am hearing your voice."

She slowly rose up from the floor, and stood bending a little over Maud, and holding her hands. Both girls were in deep mourning. Maud wore a plain merino gown, trimmed with a little crape. Veronica's rich rustling silk robe swept the ground, and was elaborately adorned with all the art of a Parisian dressmaker. Jet gleamed mysteriously here and there upon it, and its deep crape trimming was of a very different texture and quality from that which Maud wore.

Veronica fixed her eyes on Maud's face. The latter was rather pale, and her eyes bore traces of the tears they had just shed. But she was still the same Maud whom Veronica had known and loved. Her bright hair shone like a golden-tinged cloud at sunset above her black garments. There was the broad clear brow, the mobile mouth, the earnest blue eyes, unchanged in the character of their expression.

On her side, what did Maud see?

A face undeniably, strikingly, beautiful;

but with its chief beauties all exaggerated, as it were, in some undefinable way. Veronica's figure was a little fuller than it had been. And the tendency to heaviness about her cheeks and jaw had slightly developed itself. Her thick eye-lashes were intensely—it seemed almost unnaturally—black. The semicircle of her jetty brows was defined with the hard precision of a geometrical line. Her glossy hair was pulled down in waves as accurate as those that edge a scallop-shell, so as to leave visible scarce a finger's breadth of forehead—an arrangement which at once lowered, and made ignobly sensual, the whole type and character of her face. Her cheeks and lips were tinged with a vivid red. Her once supple waist was compressed into a painfully small girdle. In a word, Artifice had laid its debasing hand on her every natural grace and beauty.

A "thing of beauty" painted, pinched, padded, yielded up to the low devices of coquetry, becomes not a "joy," but a toy, for ever. And then, with the contemptible and grotesque, what tragedy is mingled, when we see a living human soul prisoned behind the doll's mask, and fluttering its maimed pinions against the base enamelled falsehood. Such a soul looked out of Veronica's lustrous eyes into Maud's as they remained gazing at each other, hand in hand.

"I would ask you to forgive me, Maud," said Veronica, "but that I think you are happy."

"To forgive you, Veronica?"

"To forgive my depriving you of your fortune," said Veronica, quickly. "That is what I mean. But you never coveted wealth."

Veronica had, unconsciously to herself, acquired the habit of assuming with complacent security, that whosoever refrained from grasping at an object, or repining at its loss, must be indifferent to it, and exempt from any combat with desire: like those savages who, modern travellers tell us, are incapable of conceiving any check to tyranny, save the limit of power to tyrannise.

"Don't speak of that dreadful money!" cried Maud, impulsively. "I hate to think of it."

Veronica dropped Maud's hands, drew back, and seated herself on a low prie-dieu. There was an air of self-assertion in her nonchalant attitude, and she toyed carelessly with a magnificent diamond ring that glittered on her finger.

"Dear Veronica," said Maud, clasping her hands together as they lay on her lap, "it does indeed seem, as you say, like a dream. All that weary, weary time—Oh, my poor Veronica, if you could know how we missed you and mourned for you!"

Maud did not realise as yet how far apart they two were. Veronica's life during her absence from England was unknown to Maud. She imaged it confusedly to herself, as a time of disappointment, remorse, and sorrow. The two girls had always been very different even in childhood. But the courses of their lives had been parallel, so to speak; and as time brought to each character its natural development, they did not seem for a while to grow more widely sundered. But from the day of Veronica's flight—and doubtless for many a day previous, only that the divergence up to that point was too slight and subtle to be observed—the two lives had branched apart, and tended ever further from each other, to the end. Veronica was more sensible of this than Maud. She felt instinctively that the downward-tending path she had been pursuing was not clearly conceivable to Maud. Nor in truth had the latter any idea of the degrading flatteries, the base suspicions, the humiliating hypocrisies, the petty ambitions, the paltry pleasures, and corroding cares, ennobled by no spark of unselfish love, which had made up the existence of the vicar's daughter.

The one had been journeying through a home-like country, which never in its dreariest parts quite lost the wide prospect of the sky, or the breath of pure air; although the former might drop chill rain, and the latter might blow roughly, at times. The other had plunged into a tropical jungle: beautiful on its borders with gay birds and flowers; but within, dark, stifling, and deadly.

Veronica was conscious of a shade of disappointment on once more beholding Maud. She was disappointed in herself. She had been moved and startled by the first sight of Maud; but no tears had welled up from her heart into her eyes. No deep emotion had been stirred. She felt, with a sort of unacknowledged dread, that she had grown harder than of old. She had yearned for the luxury of genuine feeling, and recalled the sweetness of impulsive affectionate moments when she had forgotten, by Maud's side, to be vain and selfish. But now the springs of pure tenderness seemed to be dry. She was uneasy until she could assert her grandeur, her success, her

triumph. She wished to love Maud, and to be loved by her; but she also wished that Maud should be brought to see and to acknowledge how brilliant was her fortune, how great a lady the Princess de' Barletti would be, and how far above pity or contempt she had raised herself.

She had written, perhaps too humbly, to Hugh Lockwood, dashing off the note without stopping to weigh her words. If so, she must let them all see that she was no penitent to be pardoned and wept over, but a woman who had gained what she aimed at, and who understood its value.

She turned the flashing diamond round and round on her finger, as she answered slowly, "You *mourned* for me? Yet you did not answer my letter! Your mourning cost you little trouble."

"Not answer your letter! Indeed, Veronica, I did. And on my own responsibility, and at the risk of offending—at some risk. Did you never get my answer?"

The blood rushed into Veronica's face as she listened, and a suspicion of the truth crossed her mind: namely, that Maud's letter had been suppressed by Sir John Gale. But she merely said, "Never. I never heard from any one at home, although I wrote several times. If you did write," she paused and changed her phrase after a quick glance at Maud's face: "since you did write, your letter must have gone astray in some way."

"Oh, Veronica, how cruel you must have thought me! And yet—you could not, surely, think me so? You did not doubt my affection for you?"

"Oh, I alternately doubted and believed all sorts of things. Well; it is over now."

"Dear Veronica, I have been told—Hugh told me of his interview with those gentlemen to-day. And we are both unfeignedly relieved and thankful to know that—that—that your claim will be established."

"Although you lose by it! There was no doubt of the illegality of the will. Any court would have given the case in my favour. But I am not the less sensible," added Veronica, after an instant's hesitation, "of your generous forbearance. To have gone to law would have been very terrible—for every one."

"It should never have been done with my consent. Veronica, you have not asked—you have said nothing about—Uncle Charles. Did you fear to ask? He is well, thank God."

"I had heard that my father was alive and well from Mr. Frost. I hope he is also

a little less obdurate against his only child than he was."

Maud was shocked by the hardness of the tone in which this was said. Veronica's manner altogether was unexpectedly chilling after the warmth of her first embrace, and the tenour of the note she had written.

"He has been very unhappy, Veronica."

"I regret it: although *my* unhappiness seems to have been indifferent to him."

"As you begged in your note that no word should be said of it to any one, we did not even tell Uncle Charles that—"

"Tell him? Is he here, in London?"

"Yes, dear. Did you not know it? Ah, I am glad you did not know it! That explains. If you had known he was here, you would have asked to see him, would you not?"

Maud's eyes were full of tears as she spoke, and she took Veronica's hand in both hers caressingly.

"Papa is here! You have been with him quite lately—to-day?"

"Yes. I left him at Gower-street. You will not be angry, dear, when I tell you that, as you had made no sign, we had resolved—Hugh and I—to say nothing to your father about all the trouble, now past and over, until he should be at home again in Shipley. I am going back with him. And then, when we were quietly together in the old house, I should have told him."

"Then papa does not know that I—that Sir John Gale is dead?"

"No; he has lived quite secluded from the chance of hearing it."

"What brought him to town?"

Maud cast her eyes down, and her voice sank as she answered: "He came for Aunt Hilda's funeral."

There was a painful silence. Even Veronica's egotism was dumb before all the considerations connected with those words. Presently Maud said, "But now you will try to see your father before we go away, will you not, dear Veronica?"

Veronica was agitated. She rose from her chair, and walked quickly about the room. Then she returned to Maud's side, and, bending over her, kissed her forehead.

"Maudie, Maudie, do you think he has any love left in his heart for me?"

"Yes, dear Veronica; I am sure he loves you. Do not let that doubt stand between you."

"No; but I had intended something different. I meant, of course, to see papa. I meant to try to see him later, after I—. I believe it will be best that I should not see him yet."

"Will that be quite right, Veronica?"

"I must act according to my own judgment, and the judgment of those who have a right to advise me."

Maud looked at her in sorrowful surprise. Veronica's tone had changed again to one of haughty coldness. And who were they who had "a right to advise" her?

"I think," said Maud, gently, "that any one would advise you to relieve your father's mind as soon as possible. Think what he has suffered!"

"I will write to papa when he gets to Shipley," returned Veronica, after a pause. "And I believe that will be best on the sole ground of consideration for him. I do, indeed, Maudie. But now tell me about yourself."

"There is little to tell. My great good news you know already."

"Great good news? No.—Oh, stay. You mean your engagement?"

"What else should I mean?" answered Maud, while a bright blush came into her pale cheek, and her eyes shone, as she looked at Veronica, with bashful candour.

"Is it really such good news? He is a man of no family, and——"

"Veronica! Do you speak seriously? He comes of honest people, I am glad to say. But if he did not, he is *he*. And that is enough for me."

"You never cared about your own ancestry. But, then, Mr. Lockwood is quite poor."

"Not poorer than I am," said Maud. The next instant she feared that the words might be taken as a complaint or a reproach to Veronica, and she added, quickly, "I never expected riches. I always knew that I should be poor. I had no right to look for wealth, and, as you said yourself, I do not covet it."

"No; not wealth, perhaps. But look here, Maudie; I shall come and put myself at your feet as I used to do. I can talk to you better so. It will seem like old times, won't it?"

But the gulf that divided the old times from the new, was forcibly brought to Maud's mind by the fact that Lady Gale cautiously fastened the door that led into her bedroom, where her maid was sitting, lest the woman should enter the drawing-room and surprise her mistress in that undignified posture. Further, Maud observed, that Veronica, by sitting on a low stool at her feet, was not compelled to meet her eyes, as she had done when they had conversed together before.

Veronica's rich draperies flowed over the dingy carpet as she placed herself on the footstool, with her head resting against Maud's knees. Maud timidly touched the glossy coils of hair that lay on her lap. And her pale, pure face shone above them like a white star at twilight.

"Now, Maudie," began Veronica, in a low voice, that had something constrained in its sound: "I don't want to speak of the past year. You got my letter—thanks to little Plew, poor little fellow—although I did not get your answer. You know the contents of that letter. They expressed my genuine feeling at the time. Beyond having left Shipley without papa's knowledge, I consider that I have nothing to reproach myself with."

Maud gave a little sigh, but said nothing.

The sigh, or the silence, or both, annoyed Veronica; for she proceeded, with some irritation of manner: "And I do not intend to be reproached by others. Evil and trouble came truly, but they were none of my making. I was the victim and the sufferer. I was entitled to sympathy, if ever woman was. But throughout I kept one object in view, and I have achieved it. I shall be replaced in my proper position in the world—in a position far loftier, indeed, than any one could have prophesied for me."

All this was inexpressibly painful to Maud. Instead of the trembling gratitude for deliverance from obloquy; instead of the ingenuous confession of her own faults, and the acknowledgment of undeserved good fortune, which she had expected to find in Veronica, there was a hard and hostile tone of mind that must be for ever, and by the nature of it, barren of good things. Maud was very young; she had her share of the rashness in judgment that belongs to youth. But, besides that, she had a quality by no means so commonly found in the young—a single-minded candour and simplicity of soul, which led her to accept words at their standard dictionary value. She made allowance for no depreciation of currency, but credited the bank whence such notes were issued, with an amount of metal exactly equivalent to that expressed by the symbol.

That Veronica, in speaking as she did, was fighting against conscience, and striving to drown the voice of self-reproach, never occurred to Maud Desmond. She was grieved and disappointed. She dared not trust herself to speak; and it was the strength of her constant, clinging

affection that made Veronica's speech so painful.

Veronica continued: "You must not think that I mean to be unmindful of you, Maud, in my prosperity. I know that in a measure I may be said to have deprived you of a fortune, although, had it not been to injure and cut me to the quick, that fortune would never have been bequeathed to you."

"Veronica! I implore you not to speak of that odious money! I had no claim to it in justice, no desire for it. For Heaven's sake let us be silent on that score!"

"No," returned Veronica, raising herself a little on her elbow as she spoke, and looking up at the other girl, with cheeks that revealed a deeper flush beneath the false colour that tinged them: "no, Maud, I cannot consent to be silent. I have made up my mind that you shall have a handsome dowry. It should have been a really splendid one, if all the money had come to me. As it is, I dare say Mr. Lockwood will be——"

Maud put her trembling hand on Veronica's lips. "Oh, pray, pray," she said, "do not speak of it! Dear Veronica, it is impossible! It can never be!"

Veronica removed her arm from Maud's knee, a dark frown knitted her brows for an instant, but almost immediately she said lightly, as she rose from the floor: "Oh, Maudie, Maudie, what a tragedy face! Don't be childish, Maudie. I say it must be. I shall not speak to you on the subject. Mr. Lockwood will doubtless be more reasonable."

"Do not dream of it! You do not know him."

"I am not in love with him," retorted Veronica, smiling disdainfully; "but that is quite another thing!"

However, she suddenly resolved to say no more on the subject to Maud. She had another scheme in her head. She could not quite forget Hugh's old admiration for herself, and she meant to seek an interview with him. She would do no wrong to Maud, even if Hugh were to put aside for a few moments the perfectness of his allegiance. But—she would like to assert her personal influence. She wished him to bend his stiff-necked pride before the power of her beauty and the charm of her manner. And in so wishing, she declared to herself that her main object was to be generous to Maud, and to give her a marriage portion.

"Maudie, let my maid take your hat and

cloak. This room is warm. We must have some tea together," she said, going towards the door of her bedchamber as she spoke.

"No, Veronica, I cannot stay. And pray don't call any one. I could take off my hat and cloak myself, if need were."

"You cannot stay? Oh, Maud!"

"Hugh will come for me at nine o'clock. And I promised to be ready."

"He is a bit of a tyrant, then, your Hugh?"

Maud shook her head and smiled faintly.

"Do you love him very much, white owl?"

The old jesting epithet, coming thus unawares from her lips, touched a chord in Veronica's heart, which had hitherto remained dumb. She burst into tears, and running to Maud, put her arms around her, and sobbed upon her neck. Maud was thankful to see those tears; but for some time neither of the girls said a word. Then Maud began to speak of Hugh: to say how good he was, how true, honest, and noble-minded, and how dearly she loved him. And then—still holding Veronica's head against her breast—she spoke of the vicar, of the folks at Shipley, and gave what news she could of all that had passed in her old home since she left it. She tried, with every innocent wile she could think of, to lead Veronica's thoughts back to the days of her childhood and girlhood, that seemed now so far, so very far away.

"I shall never see the old place again, Maudie. Never, never! But, dear white owl, I have something to tell you. I—I—how shall I begin? I found a relation in Naples: a cousin by my mother's side."

"Was she good to you? Did you like her, dear?"

"It isn't my fault, it is the fault of your stupid English language, if I was unable to convey to you at once that my relative is—is *cugino*, not *cugina*. Don't look so amazed!"

"I didn't mean to look amazed, dear Veronica."

"Well, this cousin—Cesare his name is—is a Principe de' Barletti. Barletti, you know, was mamma's name. And he is a good fellow, and very fond of me, and—I mean to marry him by-and-bye."

"To marry him?"

"Yes."

"And—and he is good, you say? and you really love him?"

"Oh, yes; I—I love him of course. And he is *devoted* to me. We do not speak

of our engagement as yet; because—you do not need to be told why. But I shall assuredly be Princess de' Barletti, Maud."

Maud's mind was in such a chaos of astonishment that she could hardly speak. It all seemed incredible. But she clung to the only hopeful point she could discern, and repeated once more, "He is good, and you do really love him, Veronica?"

"I tell you there is nothing in the world he would not do for me," said Veronica, a little sharply.

Her soft mood was wearing away. Maud did not show herself sufficiently delighted: by no means sufficiently impressed. Astonished she was, truly. But not quite in the right manner.

"And—and is he in Naples now, your cousin?"

"In Naples!" still more sharply. "Certainly not. He is here."

"Oh! I did not know it. I had not heard of it, Veronica."

"I had no other male relative to whom I could look for due protection and support," said Veronica, with some bitterness.

At this moment a servant appeared, saying that Miss Desmond was waited for.

"I must go, dear. Indeed I must," said Maud, springing up. "And I have not said half that I wanted to say to you. I will write. Tell me where I can write to you."

Veronica dismissed the servant who was lingering near the door, and bade him say that Miss Desmond would come immediately. Then she kissed and embraced Maud, and told her that a letter sent to the care of Mr. Simpson would always find her.

"God bless you, Maudie! Thank you for coming. How you hasten! Ah, this Hugh is a tyrant! Cannot he be kept waiting for a moment?"

"Good-bye, dear Veronica. Think of what I have said about Uncle Charles! If you would but try to see him before we go. God bless you. Good-bye!"

Maud drew down her veil to hide her tearful eyes as she went swiftly down the staircase. Veronica stole out after her, and looking over the banisters into the lighted hall, saw Hugh Lockwood standing there: saw Maud run up to him: saw the face of protecting fondness he turned upon the girlish figure at his side: saw the quiet trustful gesture with which she laid her hand upon his arm, and they went away together. And then Veronica Lady Gale turned back into her own room, and throwing herself on her

knees beside the chair that Maud had sat in, and burying her hot face in its cushions, yielded herself up to a tearless paroxysm of rage, and yearning, and regret. And the staid Louise was much surprised next day to find her mistress's delicate cambric handkerchief all torn and jagged—just, she declared, as though some creature had bitten it.

PARIS IN 1830.

IN TWO CHAPTERS. CHAPTER II.

IN the desperate onslaughts of Wednesday many of the people lost their lives by their own impetuosity. Those who were behind, furiously drove on pell-mell, trampling down, and crushing to death, those who had fallen, either from stumbling, or from shot, bayonet, or lance. This was especially the case near the great Greek façade of the Madeleine. When the storm of fighting had passed, there remained on that spot a ghastly mound of one hundred and fifty bodies of men who had lost their foothold, and been literally trodden to death. It was hot July weather, and within two hours these began to decompose. During the night they were removed and buried.

On Wednesday evening Lady Stuart de Rothesay left Paris, and the English began to depart in crowds: many of them, as the bureaux were closed, and no passports were issued, without passports. At the barriers the people stopped them, made them cry "Vive la Charte!" and tore the fleur-de-lis from the jackets of their postillions. Charles the Tenth had issued orders that no mails should pass the barricades to disseminate news of the insurrection in the provinces; but a regiment that had gone over to the people, took charge of the London mail, and gave it a safe escort. The military were depressed and inactive, but the barricade-building went on faster than ever. That night the Prefect of Police left Paris: almost mad with rage and fear.

On Thursday, at daybreak, the tocsin clanged again, and the people gathered faster and faster. The military massed close round the great piles of the Louvre and the Tuileries. The Swiss and Guards were chiefly sheltered in the houses in and round the Rue St. Honoré. The National Guards gathered on the boulevards and in the Place de Grève. Nearly every lad in the Polytechnique School had now joined the people, and dispersed themselves to lead the various attacks. In the Rue Richelieu, and all round the Rue St. Honoré, the two

parties, Royalists and insurgents, stood face to face. The Tuileries Gardens were closed. In the Place du Carrousel were three squadrons of the detested Lancers, a battalion of the Third Regiment of the Garde, and a battery of six pieces. The Tuileries and Louvre were occupied by Swiss regiments: a few of the men were quietly eating their breakfasts, but all were ready to seize their piled arms and fall in. In an hour the people had gathered in tremendous force, and, the whirlwind breaking on the Hôtel de Ville, it was attacked, carried, and henceforward became the base of the whole movement. The dépôts of artillery in the Rue du Bac (St. Thomas d'Aquin) were also stormed, and the cannon were carried off to important points: where they were worked by the Polytechnique youths with astonishing coolness, precision, and effect.

While Force and armed Right were thus battling to the death, Reason and Justice held calm debate. The greater part of the deputies in Paris had assembled at M. Laffite's, and proclaimed General de Lafayette commandant-general of the National Guard. The old patriot at once accepted the command, and invited the mayor and municipal committees of every arrondissement to send officers to the Hôtel de Ville to receive his orders. Lieutenant-General Count Gerard was at the same time appointed commandant-general of the regular forces of France. The municipal commission was also appointed as a provisional government. The members were Audry de Puiraveau, Count Gerard, Jacques Laffitte, Count de Lobau Mauguin, Odier, Casimir Perrier, and De Schoner.

General Dubourg at the same time took voluntary command at the Hôtel de Ville until General Lafayette should be installed in his new functions. Dubourg was then sent to guide matters at the Bourse. The Provisional Government made the following appointments: Guizot, Public Instruction; Gerard, Minister of War; Sebastiani, Foreign Affairs; Duke de Broglie, Interior; Vice-Admiral Mignet, Marine; Baron Louis, Finance; Dupin, senior, the Seals; Bavoux, Prefect of Police; Chardel, Post Office; De Laborde, Prefect of the Seine.

Lafayette also re-organised the National Guard, and ordered the colonels or chiefs of battalions to present themselves at the Hôtel de Ville. Two regiments of the garrison now came over to the people. The Bourse was turned into a state prison and hospital. The place in front was

chosen as a dépôt of arms and a rallying point for the people.

A large body of citizens, headed by National Guards, marched to attack the Swiss and Royal Guards, posted in the Rue de Richelieu and Rue St. Honoré. The people marched on for some time surprised and almost alarmed at not seeing a single soldier. The earth seemed to have swallowed them up. Suddenly, as the citizens passed the Théâtre Français, the windows of the houses opposite the theatre and behind the detachment, flew open, and a deadly fire was discharged by three or four Swiss stationed at each window. The dead fell in heaps in front of the theatre. The citizens, receding behind the pillars of the theatre, opened a dropping Indian fire on their ambuscaded assailants. At the end of about an hour, the soldiers capitulated, and forty of them were instantly marched off to the dépôt at the Bourse, while those who had families were allowed to go and dine with them on parole.

There was still tremendous fighting on the Quai Pelletier, whence the surges of people were driven back towards the Place de Grève and the Hôtel de Ville. A small party of elderly National Guards, with a courage only equalled by the Polytechnique boys, opened a steady fire on masses of the Garde Royale (horse and foot), the regiments of the line looking on gravely, like neutrals. The royal troops next attacked the Polytechnique lads, in order to carry off the cannon; but the students called out:

"They don't know their trade. We shall defeat them."

The military had made a blunder. Attacking in front instead of making harassing diversion on their enemies' flanks, they were defeated with terrible carnage. In the mean time the people of the Faubourgs St. Antoine and Marceau were fighting with pikes, and even with ruder weapons; thousands of women and unarmed people looking on and encouraging the insurgents.

The people, being fired on from the windows of the archbishop's palace, attacked it, and, finding stands of arms and powder in the state apartments, destroyed some of the furniture, and either threw the rest into the Seine or sent it to the Hôtel Dieu for the accommodation of the wounded. Half the plate went into the river; the rest was sent to be taken care of in the Hôtel de Ville. No pillage was allowed. Two or three men detected pilfering were shot on the spot.

The typhoon soon burst upon the Louvre.

It was getting nearer and nearer to the king and his Jesuits. The Swiss had been posted since daybreak; three behind every double column on the first floor. At every window and behind every parapet stood watchful soldiers. Barricades soon rose round the great building, especially at the end of the Rue des Poulies: a narrow short street leading from the Rue St. Honoré; on this barricade the Swiss maintained a galling and incessant fire for several hours. Some citizens kept up a fire from an adjacent window in return; but it was inefficient, and the blouses fell fast.

The attack on the Louvre was a simultaneous one at three points: on the side of the grand front, opposite the Pont des Arts, and at the entrance of the Place du Carrousel, by the river side. In the heat of the assault two daring and catlike blouses, following two National Guards, climbed the barrier, and, springing forward, gained the iron railings enclosing the front of the Louvre, then throwing themselves down under covert of a dwarf wall, about two feet and a half high, they began to open fire upon the troops, shouting, "Vive la Nation!" Many friends of the climbers joined them, and so pushed forward the attack. A young man incited by their example, climbed the gate and forced it open, followed by about two hundred of his companions, in spite of heavy and concentrated volleys of musketry. The main body, not to be outdone, soon followed, and before this angry inundation the Swiss fled headlong into the Tuileries, and in a few minutes the tricolour waved from the windows. The Swiss who laid down their arms were marched off quietly to join their comrades in the Bourse.

A swarming body of some six thousand men now fell on the Tuileries. The onslaught commenced in the Garden of the Infants, where two regiments of Royal Guards were posted. The Royal Guards mowed down the first rank of citizens, but an irresistible deluge then swept the soldiers back. In the midst of the furious rolling fire the iron railings of the palace were rapidly and resolutely hammered down. Still resistance at many points was bloody and obstinate, and from the Pavilion of Flora a constant firing was kept up by the Swiss, on the Pont Royal. Incessant musket shots came also from the apartments of the Duchesse d'Angoulême. A breach was at last made along twenty feet of the railing, on the Rue Rivoli side. The blouse who first entered a lower window

of the long-dreaded Pavilion of Flora fell out again, grappling with two Swiss for life or death. Then the crowd surged in, and all was over. Instantly from many windows showers of torn-up proclamations and broken furniture were tossed on to the Quai, and tricoloured flags waved rejoicingly from the summit of the grand central pavilion. Thousands of armed and unarmed men scampered like mad schoolboys up the resounding staircases. A crowd of rough burly fellows, penetrating into the bedroom of the Duchess of Berry, sniffed at the scented soaps, and tore down the satin bed-hangings. The portraits of fat Louis the Sixteenth, sentimentally distributing alms on a winter's day, and that of Louis the Eighteenth (the corpulent old epicure, who, some wit of 1814 said, looked like both the father and the mother of his people) were respected; but the portrait in the Salle des Maréchaux, of Marmont, the detested, was in a moment torn down and stamped to pieces. The throne-room and the king's bedroom were explored, but nothing was stolen. In the excitement of the first rush some of the leaders tore down the red silk curtains, and slashed them with their swords into flags or sashes, while others broke down some of the gilt mouldings for pike staves. The victors also flung quantities of birds of paradise feathers, and rich millinery, contemptuously out of window. A lucky blouse at last stumbled on his majesty's private stock of wines. The day was burning, and fighting is warm work. The conquerors had been drinking Seine water from wooden bowls. The temptation was irresistible. They knocked the necks off the bottles, and gulped down the fine Madeira. But there was no other plundering. M. Eugene Lovat, who had been at the head of the assailants, remained in the palace until night, with his pistols in his hands, guarding the property.

"Restez tranquille, mon capitaine," cried a blouse. "We have changed our governments, but not our consciences."

In many instances the forbearance reached an extraordinary height. Two artisans, who first broke into the apartment of the Duchess of Berry, discovered a bronze casket containing a large sum in gold. They tried to carry the treasure to the Hôtel de Ville, but finding it too heavy, rested in the court of the Louvre, and begged the aid of a passing citizen. The three men deposited their burden in the Hôtel de Ville, without claiming or receiv-

ing any reward. One man, found plundering, was shot at the gates of the palace. Others, caught pilfering, were stripped and chastised. Two workmen, who found in one of the royal apartments a pocket-book containing a million of francs, delivered it up without even giving in their names. The universal cry was, "We come here to conquer; not to rob!"

Even during the rage of conflict, the people behaved with calm magnanimity. Wounded men were instantly succoured, and carried off on shutters, or rude litters, to the nearest surgeon. If a man fell dead, his comrades sprang upon his body, as if "upon an altar consecrated to freedom." The scene before the Hôtel Dieu was very affecting. The crowd wept and swore vengeance, as the litters passed. One of the pupils of the Polytechnique being killed in the Tuileries, his body was placed respectfully on the throne itself, and covered with crape. It remained there until a brother came and claimed it.

The working men guarded the Tuileries all that day, in strange masquerade. Here, came a young blouse wearing a cuirassier's helmet, and carrying an insaid halberd of the time of Francis the First. There, stood as sentinel a negro armed with a sapeur's broad sword and a cavalry carbine. On the Place du Carrousel two fellows especially attracted attention. One was a labourer, bare-foot, in a canvas jacket and the feathered cocked hat of a marshal of France; the other wore one sleeve cut from the red coat of a slain Swiss and on the opposite hand an archbishop's glove, while over his shoulder he bore a lancer's weapon.

Foreigners of many nations, English, Germans, Russians, Greeks, Italians, Spaniards, and Portuguese, lent a willing hand in this insurrection, and fought bravely. Mr. Lind, an Englishman, enrolled himself voluntarily as a National Guard, braved all the fighting, and, after the victory, mounted guard for forty-eight consecutive hours without once quitting his post. Mr. Bradley, an English physician, during the thick of the fight went from street to street and house to house to attend the wounded. An English engraver and typefounder, long established in Paris, cast all his metal into bullets for the National Guard. Another Englishman, a printer, fought on the boulevards as a *tirailleur*, and procured muskets for his men. At the attack on the Royal Guards entrenched in the Rue de Nicaire and St. Honoré, he headed the storming

party. Some of the Guards surrendered; but, firing still continuing from an upper storey, the people rushed in and slew every soldier there. Two of the English printer's men were killed.

The very children fought. A boy of fourteen seized the bridle of the horse ridden by the Marquis de Chabauves, commander of lancers. The horse, tossing up his head, lifted the urchin from the ground. In that position the young bulldog blew out the officer's brains. Some of the Polytechnique students, mere lads of ten or twelve, crept under the muskets of the soldiers, and then fired their pistols into the men's bodies. One Spartan boy of less than ten returned from a charge with two streaming bayonet wounds in his thighs, and still refused to cease firing. At the attack on the Tuileries, a Polytechnique student called through the railings to an officer, and told him to surrender on pain of extermination, "for liberty and force were now in the hands of the people." The officer refused to obey, and, moreover, presented his pistol; which, however, missed fire. The lad coolly thrust in his hand, seized the officer by the throat, and putting the point of his sword near it, said, "Your life is in my power. I could cut your throat, but I will not shed blood." The officer, touched by this generosity, tore the decoration from his own breast, and presenting it, said, "Brave young man! No man can be more worthy than you to receive this; take it from my hand. Your name?" "Pupil of the Polytechnique School," replied the young hero, and immediately rejoined his companions. In one of the skirmishes with the Royal Guard, a piece of artillery had been left in an open space swept by musketry fire. A Polytechnique lad ran up to the piece and clasped it with both hands, crying, "It is ours! I will keep it. I will die rather than surrender it." His comrades behind shouted, "You will be killed. Come back." But the boy held the cannon through all the fire, until the citizens reached the piece, and saved him. M. Giovanni di Aceto, an Italian youth, only seventeen, shot an officer of the Royal Guard, who was about to run through the body an ex-sergeant of the Seventeenth Light Infantry. This lad, at the head of thirty citizens, fought gallantly at the Hôtel de Ville, the Port St. Martin, the Rue St. Honoré, and the Tuileries.

After the victory, the National Guard carried in triumph to the Bourse a very handsome girl of seventeen, who had

fought the whole time like a second Joan of Arc. At one barricade, a party of Amazons, armed with knives and pitchforks, fell on the Swiss, and killed many. At another point, a woman led on the citizens. In the attack on the Swiss barracks, in the Rue Plumet, a woman, dressed in man's clothes, fought desperately. Mothers were seen pushing their boys out of doors, and commanding them to go and fight for home and liberty. Many respectable women, carrying pistols, went from street to street during the hottest fighting, encouraging their relations. During the attack on the Louvre, women advanced during the firing to rescue and drag out the wounded.

The same self-denial and heroism prevailed among all classes. M. Pascon, a young law student, though he had received two gunshot wounds, perceiving that his comrades were retiring from the attack on a Swiss barrack, got upon an eminence and unceasingly excited the assailants. Shortly afterwards he was prominent at the attack on the Tuileries. A well-dressed man on a valuable horse rode up to a scavenger and offered him five hundred francs for his musket. "No, sir," said the man, "it is my best friend; it has already brought two of our foes to the ground, and it will bring down more. I shall keep my best friend." A poor workman, covered with blood and sweat, asked a citizen for food. He had eaten nothing during two days' hard fighting. He was given food, and welcomed. He was scarcely seated when the firing recommenced. He instantly threw away what was set before him, and hurrying to join his comrades, fell from exhaustion and died.

The disarmed soldiers were invariably treated with great humanity. In the mean time the royal troops in the Bois de Boulogne were expecting orders to bombard Paris. The Mayor of Auteuil, out of mere compassion, and against the wish of the Commune, sent the soldiers provisions, but rebuked the Duc d'Angoulême for the king's unconstitutional conduct. The troops of the guard concentrated round St. Cloud, with outposts towards Neuilly and Meudon. The people talked of barricading the bridge at Neuilly. Many of the soldiers declared they would desert. When Marmont, the Duke of Ragusa, who had pledged himself to hold Paris for fourteen days, came to St. Cloud, the Duc d'Angoulême said: "You have treated us as you did others," and, demanding the marshal's sword, tried to snap it over the pommel of his saddle. He then put the duke

under arrest. The king, vexed by his son's violence, limited the arrest to four hours, and invited the marshal to dinner; but he refused to appear. The king then received the resignations of his ministers, and appointed the Duc de Moretemart for Foreign Affairs, and Count Gerard Minister of War. They were to stipulate, on the basis of his abdication, that the Duc de Bordeaux should be proclaimed king. When the Duc de Moretemart pressed Charles for his signature, the king shed tears, and held up a trembling hand. At night, Paris was illuminated; and strong patrols paraded the streets from barricade to barricade, gently disarming tired or drunken men.

On Friday morning perfect calm and silence reigned over the exhausted city. Blouses who lived in distant quarters had thrown themselves into any recess to sleep. At noon on the stalls of the Palais Royal there were young men, lying without their coats, as if dead, and with their muskets across their breasts. By noon, sixty thousand rations of bread were distributed among the national volunteers. Vehicles bringing provisions stood at the barricades, as the streets were still closed, and the dealers went and fetched their supplies in baskets. The dead were buried; eighty were interred opposite the eastern gate of the Louvre. Many bodies (including those of four Englishmen) were buried in the Marché des Innocents. Those that fell near the Seine were stripped and tied in sacks, put on board charcoal and wood lighters, floated down the river, and interred in the Champ de Mars. There had been terrible carnage in the Quartier des Halles. The inhabitants at the corner of the Rue de la Cordonnerie dug a temporary grave, which they ornamented with flowers, laurels, and funeral elegies. Many of the biers were borne along the streets, preceded by National Guards carrying branches of laurel. Hundreds of ladies attended the wounded in the Bourse. In the Hôtel Dieu were fifteen hundred wounded. The Rue Basse des Ramparts was turned into a huge tent for the wounded, by extending sheets across. All the linen, &c., in the galleries of Vivienne and Colbert were torn up for bandages. The National newspaper, correctly interpreting public feeling, issued an address concluding with "Vive le Duc d'Orléans, notre Roi!" but the ultra-Republicans, displeased at this, shouted here and there, "Vive la République! Vive Napoleon the Second!"

The barricades were opened on each side,

and sentinels of the National Guard regulated the passage. There were still seen in the streets half-naked workmen mounted on cuirassiers' horses, and boys wearing generals' hats and court swords. The generous people shook hands and drank with the dejected soldiers. The Invalides surrendered, after the governor had threatened resistance. The old grenadiers called out to the people:

"Eh bien, messieurs, have you hanged our dog of a governor? You would have done no great harm. Yesterday he made us load the cannons and fivelocks to fire upon you."

Mont Rouge, Versailles, Vaugirard, Isay, and Vaneres had already risen. There was some skirmishing between the videttes of the people and the troops, who commanded the bridges of Sèvres and St. Cloud. When the king reviewed his regiments, the men shouted, "Vive la Charte," and "Vive la Liberté." The king, melancholy and pensive, said to the Duchess of Berry:

"I have but one resource left. Let our troops make a last effort."

The shops began to open on the Friday evening, and lights were placed in every window, and along the quays and streets, and in the arcades. The milliners and workwomen were everywhere busily engaged in making lint.

Charles the Tenth had ordered the arrest of the Duc d'Orleans at Neuilly; but a day too late. The king elect arrived in Paris on Friday night, wearing the national tricolour. At noon, July 31st, he issued a proclamation declaring that the Charter would henceforward be a fact. The deputies instantly went to the Hôtel de Ville, and appointed the duke Lieutenant-General of France. At the Hôtel de Ville, General Lafayette and the duke, after shaking hands, waved together from the window a tricoloured flag: to the indescribable enthusiasm of the people.

At the news that Paris was sending its legions to attack St. Cloud, Charles the Tenth fled, attended by several regiments that still remained faithful, and one hundred and fifty carriages.

The barriers were now thrown open; the streets were crowded with ladies and the usual idlers; and groups were seen everywhere seated on the trees which had been felled for barricades. In the Calais diligence which this day left Paris, was Mr. Young, the English actor. Between Amiens and St. Omer, the people clung to the wheels

of the coach and the boots of the postilions to learn the news. The great tragedian, who spoke French admirably, communicated the news in several speeches, which were loudly cheered with shouts of "Vive l'Anglais!" "Vive la Patrie!"

On Sunday the Duc d'Orleans showed himself repeatedly, and threw his proclamations down among the people. On Monday the National Guard was reorganised. The treasure of the Duchess d'Angoulême, sixty thousand pounds, fell into the hands of the government. Many bishops fled, and Paris was crowded with old Bonapartist soldiers, arrived to join the popular ranks. The Duchesse d'Orleans and her daughters visited the wounded at the Hôtel Dieu, and in the evening sat in the balcony of the terrace of the Palais Royal (concealed from view, however), making lint for the wounded.

Charles, for a ransom of one hundred and seventy thousand pounds sterling, had surrendered the crown diamonds, and on Tuesday, August 3rd, the Chambers accepted his abdication. On Friday, August 5th, the Chamber of Deputies invited the Duc d'Orleans to accept the throne. In the Chamber of Peers, M. Chateaubriand chivalrously upheld the claims of the Duke of Bourdeaux. On Monday the new king was enthroned, the fleur-de-lis were removed from the canopy of the throne, and four large tricoloured flags were placed on either side. The duke, accepting the charter, swore, with hand upraised to heaven, to observe its conditions.

In February, 1848, the "citizen king," having broken this same charter, fled from France, and two years afterwards died an exile in England.

THE PHILOSOPHER AND THE MONKEY.

O LITTLE philosopher monkey-faced,
Peer in your crucible, pant and glow,
Pound your powder, and pash your paste,
But still remember how glad you raced
In the woods of Monkey-land long ago.

That was ages and ages past,
You've left the Claws and the Tail behind;
Slowly you've thriven, slowly cast
Skin after skin off, until at last
Behold! the flower of a human mind!

Tender flower of a plant that dies,
Slender flower with a light of its own,
This is the thing you'd anatomise?
Little philosopher, pray be wise,
Remember, and let the flower alone.

You cry: "I've examined the fourfoot kind,
Followed the chain up, link by link,
Now to dissect the magic of Mind,
I shall never slumber, until I find
The mechanism by which we think!

"Turn a key, and the watch will go.
Move a muscle, the bird takes wing,
All motion of any kind below
Is something mechanical, and so
The mind is moved at the pull of a string.

"Which, is the question? I must pause
On the brink of the mystery, turning pale:
How to catch the invisible laws?
How does a lion open his jaws?
How does a monkey wag his Tail?"

Little philosopher, hark to me:
Walking once on my garden ground,
I found my monkey beneath a tree,
With a musical-box upon his knee,
Wagging his tail in delight at the sound.

"Ah! *che la morté!*" was the tune,
Tangling the heart of the brute in a mesh:
'Twas summer time, and the month was June,
Low down in the west was the scythe of the moon,
On a sunset pink as a maiden's flesh.

Then I watch'd the monkey glow and burn,
Lifting the lid of the box peep in:
Then, bit by bit, with a visage stern,
Holding each piece to his ear in turn,
He broke it up,—and began to grin.

Ah, the music! 'Twas fled, 'twas fled!
Each part of the wonderful whole was dumb,
The flower was plucked, and the bloom was shed,
Well might the monkey scratch his head,
And staring down at the strings, look glum.

Little philosopher, stay, O stay!
Let the works of the mind-watch go!
Claws and tail have been cast away,
But peep in the looking-glass to-day,
Remember Monkey-land long ago.

ON A FEW OLD SONGS.

"HAPPY," said Douglas Jerrold, "is the privilege of genius that can float down hungry generations in a song." Doubtless it is a grand thing to be a poet whose name shall live after him as the author of a song that appeals to the heart of a great people, stirs it to noble emotions, and feeds the fires of its nationality. Such privilege, however, falls to the lot of few. Indeed it can scarcely be said to belong to as many names in ancient or modern history as can be counted on the fingers of one hand. Songs are in their nature ephemeral. They serve the purpose of the day and are forgotten; or, if they survive beyond a century, which seldom happens, they pass into the domain of the bookworm and the antiquary. Often, too, when the song itself survives in a hazy kind of immortality, the name of its author or composer drops into oblivion, and cannot be rediscovered, how deftly soever the antiquaries may grope and pry into the darkness. No one can tell with certainty who wrote the fine music and the indifferent poetry of God Save the King (or Queen). No one can decide whence come the joyous melody and inane doggrel of Yankee

Doodle. No one knows the name of the musician to whom the world is indebted for the beautiful notes of Auld Lang Syne, or the triumphal strains of La Marseillaise, although we know that Robert Burns is suspected of having written the words of the one, and Rouget de Lisle claims the authorship of the other. The four songs named are each strictly national, but have become so by accident rather than by the design of their authors. In fact, a song destined to ending popularity and the honours of nationality cannot be made to order. Every attempt of the kind has been a failure. But when a song *does* achieve this high destiny it becomes a veritable power in the State—either for good or for evil.

The English national anthem of God Save the Queen—which was first publicly heard in 1745, after the defeat of Prince Charles on the fatal field of Culloden—was originally a Jacobite song, which it was dangerous to sing within hearing of the authorities. When the Jacobites spoke or sang of "the king," they meant "the king over the water," and the words still sung, "*Send him victorious,*" imply clearly that the king intended was not the one who was already in England, but the one far away, to whom the singers were loyal in his evil fortunes. A great deal of controversy has arisen as to the authorship alike of the words and music; but no satisfactory clue has been discovered for the elucidation of either mystery. If a prize had been offered for a national anthem, expressive of patriotic as well as dynastic loyalty, no competent critics would have awarded it to the author of the words, whomsoever he may have been. Yet this song, which grew rather than was made, is the richest literary jewel in the British crown, and may fairly claim to have been of more value to the House of Hanover than any standing army.

God save the King, as originally sung at Drury Lane Theatre, shortly after the news arrived in London that the last hopes of the young Pretender had been crushed at Culloden, consisted of nine stanzas, or six in addition to the three which are now familiar to all of us. These three are the genuine Jacobite song, without the alteration of a word. The remaining six were strictly Hanoverian and Whiggish, and have long since gone to the limbo that is reserved for all literary rubbish. A specimen verse will suffice to show alike its quality and its temporary purpose:

Confound tall Jemmy's plot,
 Pope, French, and Spanish knot,
 Confound them all:
 Villains notorious,
 Their fears inglorious,
 Never shall conquer us,
 Confound them all.

It was a fortunate accident, if it were not a profound piece of policy, by which the present royal house took possession of the song of their enemies, and turned to their own glory that which was intended for their shame.

The origin of Yankee Doodle is about as mysterious. Nobody knows its authorship, but almost everybody knows its value to the American people, and how well the air expresses their buoyant and aggressive spirit of nationality. The words, "Yankee Doodle," or "Dawdle," according to some etymologists, seem to have been originally employed as a term of contempt by the English towards the Americans, in the days immediately preceding the Great Revolution, which culminated in the Independence of the United States. Others, again, claim that the words are a corruption of an old Irish song, called "Nunkie," or Uncle Doodle, written in derision of Oliver Cromwell, when he was carrying fire and sword through that unhappy country; while a third set of men, claiming to be learned in derivations, assert, on the authority of O'Brien, the historian of the Round Towers of Ireland, that Yankee Doodle is a perversion of two Persian words, "Yanki Dooniah," signifying the "New World." It seems, on the authority of the late Mr. T. Moncrieff, the author of *Tom and Jerry*, and countless other farces and plays, who made it his pleasure in the closing years of his life, when afflicted with blindness, to investigate the history and origin of old tunes, that the air was composed for the drum and fife about the middle of the eighteenth century, by the Fife-Major of the Grenadier Guards. The air was not intended for a song, but for a march, and it was long after it had become familiar to the ears of the people in towns where British regiments were stationed that words became associated with it. "Probably," says Mr. Moncrieff, "the first person who brought about the alliance between the air and the rhymes was a nursemaid—fond of military display as the nursemaids of a hundred and twenty years ago were as well as those of our own day."

Yankee Doodle came to town
 On a Kentish pony,
 He stuck a feather in his hat,
 And called him Maccaroni.

The word "Maccaroni" in this well-known nursery ditty suggests the period of the composition to have been between 1750 and 1770, or thereabouts, when, according to Grose, in his *Dictionary of the Vulgar Tongue*, there was a club in London, called "The Maccaroni," composed of gentlemen who had made the grand tour, and were fond of Italian cookery. These gentlemen were the "swells" of the period, and prided themselves on the fashion and elegance of their dress. Hence, a person foppishly dressed and in the extreme of the fashion was called a "Maccaroni." The story of the adoption of the air by the Americans has been told in various ways. The British soldiers in America had, it appears, a song to this tune during the war of Independence, of which the following stanzas—very poor doggerel, indeed—are specimens:

There was Captain Washington,
 Upon a slapping stallion
 A-giving orders to his men,
 I guess there was a million.
 And then the feathers in his cap,
 They looked so tarnal fine-a;
 I wanted peckily to get
 And give 'em to Jemima.

When the British troops under the Marquis of Cornwallis were defeated by the Americans, and on their surrender were allowed to retire through the American lines, with their arms reversed, the Americans, in unconscious imitation of the tactics of the House of Hanover, borrowed a tune from their foes, and struck up Yankee Doodle, as a taunt in the hour of victory; and made it national, then and for evermore.

The two other patriotic songs of the Americans—songs of some literary pretensions—*Hail Columbia*, and the *Star-spangled Banner*, have never obtained the same popularity as their homely predecessor. In matters of national song, popularity, like kissing, goes by favour; and the race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong. If further proof were needed that a song cannot be made to order, but must grow, like liberty itself, it might be found in the fact, that late in the year 1861, when the heart of the Northern people had been "fired" (such was the expression of the time) by the attack of the South on Fort Sumter, and a song to replace Yankee Doodle seemed to some highly patriotic Americans to be greatly needed, a reward was offered for the best lyric poem and the best melody that the literary and musical genius of America could produce. Upwards of twelve hundred compositions

were sent in, and the committee charged with the duty of examining and deciding upon their merits found that nine-tenths of them were beneath mediocrity, few above mediocrity, and not one really available for the purpose. A new song, however, did crop up in due time—nobody knows by whom written—adapted to a psalm tune :

John Brown's body lies mouldering in the grave,
But his soul is marching on.

During the Civil War this song became to a certain extent national in the North, because it was expressive of the strong feeling entertained on the subject of slavery ; but it never superseded Yankee Doodle, which still holds its place, in spite of the ridiculous associations connected with the words, as the tune of all others that touches the heart of an American, wherever he may be, and rouses his honest pride in the greatness and glory of the Union.

Auld Lang Syne is the third immortal lyric that has established itself—no one knows how—in the heart of a noble people, and become the living symbol of kindly feeling, conviviality, friendship, and love of country. The first appearance in print of a song with anything like this title was in 1716, in Watson's Collection of Scots Poems. It is called Old Long Syne, and consists of two parts in ten stanzas, in which there does not occur a Scottish word or idiom, except the one word "syne." It is tainted with the mythological and pagan affectation of the time, and speaks of "Cupid" and the "Gods," like other songs and poems of this brilliant but not very natural period of our literary history. Eight years afterwards Allan Ramsay tried his hand at improving it, and had the good taste to substitute the Scottish vernacular Auld Lang Syne for the hybrid Old Long Syne of Watson's Collection. But in other respects his emendations scarcely deserve the name. He could not emancipate himself from the thralldom of "Cupid," nor, though a master of the Scottish dialect, as he has shown in the Gentle Shepherd and other pieces, could he manage to fit a Scottish song to the truly Scottish phrase that had hit his fancy. What hold could a song have on the people's heart composed of five stanzas no better than this ?

Methinks around us on each bough
A thousand Cupids play ;
While through the groves I walk with you,
Each object makes me gay.
Since your return the sun and moon
With brighter beams do shine,
Streams murmur soft notes while they run,
As they did Lang Syne !

The force of inanity could go no further. Fortunately a greater genius took up the happy phrase, and, in the year 1788, appeared, for the first time, the noble song that appears in every edition of the poems of Robert Burns, and which is universally attributed to his pen. He, however, did not claim it as his own, but emphatically disclaimed it. He first mentioned it in a letter to his friend, Mrs. Dunlop. "Apropos," he wrote to that lady, "is not the Scotch phrase 'Auld Lang Syne' exceedingly impressive ? There is an *old song* and tune which has often thrilled through my soul. You know I am an enthusiast in old Scotch song. I give you the verses on the other sheet. . . . Light be the turf on the breast of the Heaven-inspired poet who composed this glorious *fragment*. There is more of the fire of native genius in it than in half-a-dozen of modern English Bacchanalians." Nearly four years afterwards, when he had become connected with Mr. George Thomson in the re-publication of the Ancient Melodies of Scotland, he wrote to that gentleman, enclosing him the song of Auld Lang Syne, presumably the same version which he had sent to Mrs. Dunlop, informing him that the enclosure was "a song of the olden times, which has never been in print, nor even in manuscript, until I took it down from an old man's singing. The air," he added, "is but mediocre, but the song is enough to recommend any air." The question arises, did Burns really obtain a *fragment* of this song from an old man, and send it, as he received it, to Mrs. Dunlop ? Or did he enlarge or amend this *fragment* into the song which he forwarded to Mr. Thomson, and which is always printed among his works ? No decision is possible, though all will admit, from internal evidence, that if the song were not Burns's own, there previously existed some mysterious poet in Scotland who could write as good a song as Burns could. Burns was an excellent judge of melody, and, lest he should be thought guilty of unfair disparagement to the air of Auld Lang Syne, it should be stated that the tune to which it is now sung is not the one on which Burns passed judgment, but an old cathedral chant, which dates from the Roman Catholic period, and of which the authorship is wholly unknown. The tune is excellent, and the words are married to it in the bonds of a true and indissoluble union. It is a stirring and a pleasant sight to see the enthusiasm of a hundred or two of Scotsmen at a public

dinner or other festival, when this song is sung; to note how they start to their feet, how they join their hands in a kind of electrical chain, as they take part in the chorus, and to observe what fiery patriotism flashes from their eyes as the well-remembered notes reverberate through their hall of meeting. The song is national in the best sense of the word, and worth—who shall say what it is *not* worth in the encouragement of kindly feeling and harmless enjoyment? How much of the great fame of Burns rests upon it, it is difficult to say. Even if he did not actually write it, he brought it into the world, and that is renown enough for anybody.

The next and last song, of which mention has been made, is the famous Marseillaise of the French. The authorship both of the poetry and the music of this stormy petrel of song, is claimed for Rouget de Lisle, a lieutenant in the French Revolutionary army, in the days when the ragged and foot-sore soldiers of the Republic were first beginning to dream of conquering Europe. The claim to the authorship of the poetry seems to be well established, but not so the claim to the noble, half pathetic, half defiant, and wholly martial and inspiring melody. No history of the French Revolution is complete without a history of this song, which did so much to inflame and direct it. "Luckiest musical composition ever promulgated," says picturesque and earnest Mr. Carlyle, "the sound of which will make the blood tingle in men's veins. Whole armies and assemblages will sing it, with eyes weeping and burning, with hearts defiant of death, despot, and devil." The less picturesque, the less earnest, and the less accurate Alphonse Delamartine has inserted in his History of the Girondists an episodic narrative of the origin of this song, which is amusing enough, but which is transparently apocryphal. Lieutenant (afterwards Colonel) Rouget de Lisle, being in garrison at Strasbourg, in 1792, resided with, or was billeted upon, the mayor of that city, one Dietrick. It was a time of public scarcity, and even the family of the wealthy mayor could not always procure enough to eat and drink. "One day," says M. Delamartine, "when there was only some coarse bread and bacon upon the table, Dietrick, looking with calm sadness at De Lisle, said to him, 'Plenty is not to be seen at our feasts; but what matter if enthusiasm is not wanting at our civic fêtes, and courage in our soldiers' hearts? I have still *one* bottle of wine left in my

cellar. Bring it,' he said, addressing one of his daughters, 'and we will drink to liberty and our country!'" Out of that one bottle, shared between M. Dietrick and Lieutenant De Lisle—for it does not appear that any of the young ladies partook of the wine—grew, if we are to believe M. Delamartine, the world-renowned song of La Marseillaise. Indeed, in M. Delamartine's opinion, M. Dietrick intended that an immortal song should be born, and that it should be inspired by the last bottle; for he said, when ordering the precious flask to be brought, "Strasbourg is shortly to have a patriotic ceremony, and De Lisle must be inspired by these last drops to produce one of those hymns which convey to the soul of the people the enthusiasm which suggested it." The wine must have been of the strangest, as well as of the strongest, to have produced the effects narrated. When the bottle was exhausted, "it was midnight," says M. Delamartine, "and very cold. De Lisle was a dreamer; his heart was moved, *his head heated*. The cold seized him, and he went *staggering* to his lonely chamber, endeavouring by degrees to find inspiration in the palpitations of his citizen heart." The poet, it appears, had a small clavichord in his chamber, and composed the tune on that instrument, at the same time that he composed the words of his hymn. At last, "overcome by the divine inspiration" [not by the half bottle], "his head fell sleeping on his instrument, and he did not awake till daybreak. The song of the previous day returned to his memory with difficulty, like the recollections of a dream. He wrote it down, and then ran to Dietrick." He found the mayor walking in the garden, his wife and daughters not having yet come to breakfast, and read the verses to him. Dietrick aroused the family, and, his enthusiasm still growing, called in some musical neighbours to hear the piece performed. "At the first verse," says M. Delamartine, quite gravely, and with a delicious naïveté, "all countenances turned pale; at the second, tears flowed; at the last, enthusiasm burst forth. The hymn of the country was found. Alas! it was destined to be the hymn of Terror!"

This is but a silly story, though intended to be romantic. Half bottles of French wine do not usually produce such effects even on poets; and men who stagger to bed to fall asleep over their own poetry and music on cold winter nights do not usually produce such finished and admirable performances as the poetry and the music

of this song. The truth is that De Lisle, though he may have written the poetry in M. Dietrick's house, was not the author of the music, though he may have adapted it to his poetry, and improved upon or extended it. The main portions of the melody are to be found in a German song composed many years anterior to the French Revolution, which, with French words, was performed in Paris in 1782 at the private theatre of Madame de Montesson, themorganatic wife of that Duke of Orleans, who was afterwards so well known as Philippe Egalité. The Hymn, which Rouget de Lisle fitted to this melody, was originally called by its author The Song of the Army of the Rhine, and soon became popular in all parts of France, except in Paris. But it was destined to make its mark there also, and to receive from the Parisians the name by which it is likely to be known for ever. It was to this tune, and singing this song, that the determined soldiers of Marseilles marched through every town and city on their long tramp to Paris; and this song and tune, then heard in combination in Paris for the first time, took such possession of the fancy and the ear of the Parisians as temporarily to drive all other music out of their minds and memories. Knowing no other name to call it by, they called it the Marseillaise.

The song was intended by its soldier author to rouse the French people against the foreign foes who were threatening the liberty and independence of the country from the German frontier; but another and a very different destiny was reserved for it. Its true mission—to use a now fashionable word—was to be domestic and not foreign; not to aid in the overthrow of kings and generals abroad, but of kings and potentates at home, who opposed themselves to the will of the sovereign people. The song is ever ominous of civil strife when heard in France. It is the shibboleth of revolution. Heard in the Paris faubourgs among the workmen, it awakens the minds of thoughtful as well as of timid men to thoughts of impending evil and change of systems and of dynasties. Happy is the country whose popular song is on the side of law and order. Such is ours. Unhappy is, or may be, the country whose song beloved of the people, and having the power to stir their imagination and their passion, is on the side of revolution and civic strife. Were there no such a song as the Marseillaise in existence, Napoleon the

Third might well dispense with the services of many thousands of his soldiers.

Who shall say after this of the cheapest of cheap bargains, that it was bought for an old song? There are *some* old songs—and especially the four named in this little notice—whose worth for good or for evil is not to be estimated so lightly.

TO BOULOGNE BY DRY LAND.

THE readers of this journal and its predecessor, HOUSEHOLD WORDS, have been kept informed with tolerable exactness of the various projects that have from time to time arisen, for crossing the Channel in carriages, with the least possible delay. One of the last, and by no means the worst of these schemes, is a vast steam raft, which should receive the railway train on board when it reaches the coast, should start with it immediately, and should land it on the opposite shore: whence it would proceed, stokers, conductors, passengers, and all, without let or hindrance, to its destination. This is practised on some American rivers. But we may doubt whether any American or other river so crossed, is subject to such weather as occasionally sweeps up and down Channel. For whatever reason, this scheme was not seriously followed up by its proposer and advocate, though it seems feasible, as a fair-weather project.

It may be said, that in engineering nothing is impossible: success being merely a question of means. Only give Archimedes his fulcrum and lever, and no doubt he could lift a weight equal to the weight of the earth. Nevertheless, in both the grand Channel-crossing plans hitherto proposed—a submarine tunnel and a tubular bridge—some people have felt, at the bottom of their heart and conscience and conviction, that though there might be no impossibility, there existed great uncertainty and consequent danger. It is quite *possible*, by means of steam and compressed air, to ventilate a tunnel more than twenty miles long; but if the ventilation fail (so argue these same people), those in the tunnel will be suffocated. It is quite possible to make a tunnel water-tight; but if, by any accident, the water should make its entry, the rats in the hole would hardly escape drowning. It is quite possible to prop a tubular bridge on piers planted in the sea; but let a pier give way, through any cause (and numerous causes are not wanting), and

down come the bridge, the passengers, and all. In short (we still quote the some people), both bridge and tunnel, when made, would be in unstable equilibrium. They could retain their serviceableness and their safety, only during the good pleasure of the elements: with what we call "accidents," that is, the ever-acting tendencies of natural forces, constantly working towards their destruction.

The new proposal of travelling "from London to Paris on dry land," originating with M. BUREL, is at least one of stable equilibrium. When fully, completely, and solidly accomplished, it is not a trifle that can destroy it. It is not a question whether an iron tube, between two props, will or will not sink by its own proper weight; it is not a question whether air-pumps can be kept working uninterruptedly, to maintain an unfailling supply of oxygen, and whether water, so fond of leaking in at the slightest cranny, can be prevented from indulging its natural propensity. It is a question of time, and labour, and material; consequently a question of expense; with the great encouragement that money so expended need not in the end be money absolutely thrown away. Not only is there feasibility of execution; there is also a good prospect of permanence. Certainly it will cost money, and not a little money; but that is comparatively a minor point. In such works stability and assured freedom from danger are the grand desiderata. We do not, however, imagine that the present project is likely to be ever accomplished, as projected. With considerable modifications, it may be—perhaps.

Geologists are generally agreed that England and France were once joined by an isthmus; but they do not assign a date to the disruption. One learned astronomo-geologist, M. ADHEMAR, fixes it at about fourteen thousand years ago, at the last grand deluge but one: not Noah's deluge, but the one previous to Noah's; for he holds grand deluges to be periodical and inevitable, under the existing physical conditions of the globe. Thank Heaven—or thank our Anno Domini—he consoles us by the assurance that another grand deluge will not occur in *our* time. Be that as it may, M. BUREL, a French engineer, would now set to work to restore the vanished strip of terra firma: at the same time kindly leaving it "pierced," so that we should not have to repeat M. de Lesseps's Egyptian labours. He only intends to narrow the Strait to the width of a thou-

sand mètres, a kilomètre, or four furlongs two hundred and thirteen yards, more than half a mile. This, the very narrowest part of his ship canal, will be sufficiently wide to allow of the passage of vessels of all nations to and fro. In both directions, east and west, the opposite shores are gradually to recede, and the Channel is consequently to widen, along a line of about six kilomètres—say four miles—and then abruptly turn back till they reach the present terra firma.

By this arrangement, Boulogne, Folkestone, and Dover, would become inland towns. Would the new position suit their views in more senses than one? M. BUREL does not inquire. Folkestone ought to be satisfied with its increased importance as a station on the overland route between London and Paris; Boulogne with the same advantages, increased by a magnificent dock, twenty kilomètres long and six hundred mètres wide, to be formed by conducting its river (rivulet), the Liane, from the town to its future outlet in the North Sea. A similar arrangement would prolong the port of Dover to the new shore, opposite to the new mouth of the Liane. Either of these harbours of refuge would be capable of receiving half a dozen fleets.

Although the new railway to be thus laid down may fairly call itself a terra firma line, still there is the kilomètre of water to cross—a mere nothing. M. BUREL effects the passage by running the trains on to a steam ferry waiting for them in a convenient cove. As soon as it has received its burden, it starts with steam up, and deposits its load on a similar wharf on the opposite shore, after a passage of five minutes only. Think of that, all ye squeamish, weak-stomached passengers, between Folkestone and Boulogne, in boisterous weather!

It is needless to trouble the reader with complex details respecting the construction and navigation of the new pontoons (which ought to issue from and enter their landing places securely, whatever the temper of the elements), and which would communicate with the land railway in all states of the tide, by means of floating jetties, &c. It is easy to admit the possibility of fulfilling all these indispensable conditions, by means not widely different from those now employed in embarkations.

One of the elements of success on which M. BUREL reckons the most, is the tranquillity

of the waters in the new channel, which will result, he thinks, from the future state of things. Knowing that the "piercing" of the Isthmus of Suez has revived the circulation of the atmosphere there, with all its consequences of winds, rains, &c., throughout the whole length of the maritime canal, M. BUREL believes that a contrary effect will take place here; namely, that the Channel storms will be calmed when the Strait shall be in part filled up. We confess we do not understand the logic which deduces such consequences from such premises.

The materials to form this recovered territory are expected to be obtained, principally, from the sea itself, by utilising the currents of the Channel, and compelling them to deposit the sands and earth with which they are laden, by means of dykes and breakwaters judiciously run out, of various suitable lengths and breadths. When these artificial shoals reach high-water level, they are to be helped by planting them with tough-rooted vegetables, and completed by loading them with layers of stone rubbish, with which the adjacent mainlands abound. On these, a line of rails can be laid, which will bring down rocky materials and gradually push on the work, advancing in the sea, little by little, exactly as the work advances in the construction of railways on land.

A really important point is, that the greatest depth of water in the Channel, between Etaples and Dunkerque on the French side, and between Dungeness and the North Foreland on the English side, does not exceed sixty-two mètres, or two hundred and three feet and nearly a half. But this depth of sixty-two mètres is itself exceptional, only occurring in certain long and narrow submarine gorges, which would be easily filled up with stone along a sufficient breadth. The mean depth to be filled, is only twenty-eight mètres, or not quite ninety-two feet: which is less than the height of many of our public buildings.

All this might be done, it is calculated, in at least eight years; in twelve, at most. The cost is prudently abstained from being guessed at. Perhaps, in the end, M. BUREL may alter his plan into a lengthened imitation of the breakwater at Cherbourg. If men can make such a digue as that, four kilomètres long, men can make one of forty. It is a mere question of time and money. Men have built the Pyramids of Egypt, the Wall of China, St. Peter's at Rome, and—most to the purpose—the

aforesaid digue; we may, therefore, assume this much, safely: that men *can* build a solid causeway from France to England.

WISE DOCTOR LEMNE.

CANON KINGSLEY has lately been explaining facts in nature to the young, in a charming book called *Madam How and Lady Why*. His madam is young madam, and his lady is a young lady not at all in the style of her great-grandmother. Dr. Levin Lemne, born three or four hundred years ago, an ingenious physician practising in a little town of Zealand, near the Dutch coast, is no bad representative of Old Madam How, and Old Lady Why.

Let us cull a few of his *Whys* and *Wherefores*, as set forth in a book he published explanatory of various occult matters. Wise Dr. Lemne does not recognise the possibility of doubt as to the fact that in little men passions are quickest and thought is most acute. The reason is, that when their vital spirits and humours are heated they have a smaller tenement to warm, and therefore it is in less time heated thoroughly. When a little man's bile catches fire, he is like a little cottage all in flames at once; but when a large man's bile takes fire, it is like fire broken out in one part of a great house that has to spread from wing to wing. For the same reason small men are quick-witted. The small bodies are commonly dry, and it is obvious that people who are of a dry habit of body must catch fire more readily and burn faster than moist folks.

Our characters depend on our humours, their relative proportions, their temperature, and the way in which they behave when heated or in motion. Now some humours are naturally cold, moist, thick, and take long to warm thoroughly. But when once hot—as every man knows who has eaten porridge—they take long to cool. Others are light spirits that heat quickly and rise into vapour, and so on. But the sort of humour that is to predominate in any man depends on a good many things—as conjunction of stars, birthplace, diet, education, habit of life. Habit of life has great influence upon the development of humours: so great, says Dr. Lemne, that a way of life which thickens the blood, makes men inhospitable and inhuman, dead to the sense of conscience or the sense of fear, without religion and without human affections. The people who suffer in this way from occupa-

tions which thicken the blood, are soldiers, sailors, porters, organ-grinders, and cabmen: if we may so translate into modern English, the old Dutch pipers and coachmen. The diabolical apathy with which the organ-grinders grin over the tortures they inflict, can therefore be conquered by a compulsory bleeding and water-gruelling act.

Moonshine might possibly be turned to some account; for Dr. Lemne tells us that moonshine causes plants and men to grow and become juicy. But only sunshine ripens them. Moonshine may have something to do with a mystery explained by Dr. Lemne in the case of a Dutch lady who was, as she wished to be, loving her lord. Seeing a juicy man go by, she longed for a bite out of him. Knowing that ladies should at certain times on no account be thwarted, this obliging gentleman good-naturedly stopped and permitted her to bite a mouthful from his arm. She ate it with much relish, and then begged hard for another bite. But there are limits to the most accommodating temper, and the gentleman declined to allow any more of himself to be eaten. The Dutch lady thereupon fell into extreme distress, and her lord presently found twins in his house: one living, and one dead. The one living was the one which had been succoured by the bit of live man which a wise instinct had imperiously demanded for it. The dead child was the unfortunate young person in whose behalf nature had pleaded in vain to the juicy stranger.

In the unwholesome districts of Holland, in Dr. Lemne's time, the labouring classes were much troubled with worms. Dr. Lemne accounts for all the proceedings of the worms by their great sagacity, as being of the brood of the great serpent. If no bounds were set to the powers of the devil, man could not live. Therefore, because bounds have been set, the diseases of, and the variations of character in, men, depend much more upon the relative proportions of the four humours—blood, yellow bile, black bile, and phlegm—and upon their mutations, chillings, boilings, conflicts with one another, than upon bad spirits from the other world afloat in them. Devils do get into us and aggravate our humours, just as they do get into the wind and the storm and ride the thunderbolt. Devils and angels blend themselves with everything in nature, and so they can, and so they do, enter into the humours of the body. But we are less subject to them than to the great law of the dependence of our constitutions on those

humours. Nor is it at all to be ascribed to diabolical possession, but to be explained scientifically, that sick people sometimes speak in foreign languages which they have never learned. If devils were the cause of this, the sick could not be physicked. Dr. Lemne takes for granted that one of his purges would not operate upon Satan. What would *he* care for a spoonful of brimstone and treacle? But these people who speak strange languages when sick, as medical science well understands, can have that symptom removed by judicious treatment. The reason of it is, that the mind contains within itself notions of all things—kept down usually by the weight of the body, as fire is smothered under ashes. But when there is great disturbance and heat among the humours, the smoke created by so much burning rises into the brain, and is so acrid that by very torture it extorts from the brain its latent capability of mastering, say, Greek, Hebrew, or Spanish. There is so violent an ebullition among the powers of the mind that they clash together, and strike out any knowledge of which a human mind is capable, just, says Dr. Lemne, as sparks are struck out by the knocking together of flint and steel. This, perhaps, may account for the old-fashioned schoolmaster's practice of shaking a child, or giving him some violent knocks on the head, when the required sparks of knowledge could not be made to fly out by the ordinary method of tuition. It is the philosophical groundwork, also, of the old boarding-school dumpling, the recipe for which will be valued by Sir William Armstrong and other constructors of irresistible artillery. If it be not already lost to civilisation, it should be sent to the War Office by any surviving manufacturer of that piece of solid shot, or of that more terrible loaded shell, the Saturday Pie, which, with its dangerous contents, threw into a most horrible commotion all the humours of those bodies into which it entered. What linguists some of us ought to have been in our boyhood!

Our doctor also discusses air in the lungs, and tells a story he heard from the great anatomist, Vesalius, of a large-lunged Moorish diver at Ferrara. Without drawing breath, he uttered a prolonged shout, equal to the successive shouts of four trained pugilists. And afterwards he fought those pugilists, with his nostrils and mouth closed. When this man with a long breath was, for some offence, to be

taken to prison, he escaped by jumping into water, where he swam for half an hour without showing himself at the surface; because his lungs were so unusually large and so thoroughly permeable with air.

But of all marvels of nature, one of the most astonishing, says wise Dr. Lemne, is the fact that the bodies of murdered men bleed from their wounds in presence of the murderer; also, that blood issues from some parts of the bodies of the drowned when any of their friends or relations—especially if people of a florid habit—stand beside them. That such bleeding does happen, every magistrate in Holland, he says, accustomed to be present at such cases, can bear witness. This, by-the-bye, is a good suggestion of the worth of testimony from men who start with their conviction ready made. No doubt it was true that every burgomaster and magistrate in Holland would, three hundred years ago, have declared and believed himself eye-witness to the truth of this fact. And yet it is no fact. And who could wish for a more respectable and responsible body of witnesses? Now the reason of this fact seemed, to Dr. Lemne, to lie in another fact: which is, that something of life lasts in the body newly dead (hair and nails of the dead grow). As a flower-bud, cut from the stem when placed in water, will put out its latent life, so the dead body, with warmth about it, may be susceptible as in life of movement and disturbance of the humours. It is often observed—by Doctor Lemne—that the living friend of a drowned person upon first seeing him, or a murderer on first seeing the body of his victim, will, through agitation, foam or bleed outwardly. Now, as long as there is any vital power, the like sympathies may affect also the dead. And of course nobody has so much reason to feel strongly on the subject of a drowning or a murder, as the body which has been drowned or murdered, and to which, therefore, the whole event has been personally most distressing.

What is the reason why the Dutch say of people, when they are light-headed and silly, that "beans are in blossom," or "they have been among the beans"? The humours are lighter, and flow more freely in spring, when beans are in blossom; also, the smell of a bean-field agitates the brain from a long distance, so that when there is already much vapour and smoke of humours in the brain, the smell of bean blossoms will even stir the mind to delirium. Some odours dispel vapour in

the brain, as odour of vinegar—from that notion descends our modern use of aromatic vinegar—odours also of rose-water, in which cloves have been steeped, or of new bread soaked in a fragrant wine. Other aromatics, as onions, rue, wormwood, elder flowers, emit a heavy odour that painfully adds weight to the brain. But opposites correct one another. Strabo tells that the Sabæans, when stupefied with those odours which blow from their spicy shores, restore their energies with burnt pitch, or by singeing a goat's beard. And Dr. Lemne tells of a man who found himself about to faint in a perfumer's shop, but who recovered his spirits by hurrying across the road, and there holding his nose over a dunghheap.

Another marvel of nature is to be found in the ring-finger, the finger next to the little finger of the left hand. Dr. Lemne asks: Why is this the chief among fingers, why is it the last part of the body that dies, why is it the finger that escapes gout, or gets it only when death is at hand, and why is this finger particularly worthy to be hooped with gold? It is all because of the particular accord between this finger and the heart. Nobody ever dies of gout unless it find its way to that left cavity of the chest which ends with the cone of the heart. When the gout gets there, it passes at once from the heart to the ring-finger, where the fatal fact becomes declared. The ancients hooped that finger with gold, because, not a nerve, as Gellius said, but, explains Dr. Lemne, a fine arterial duct, straight from the heart, passes along it, and, by its movements, declares to us the condition of the heart. Now, by the striking or rubbing of these movements of the duct against the ring of gold, the re-warming power which is contained in the gold, spreads at once to the heart, which it refreshes. For the same reason such rings used to be medicated, and no poison could stick even to the extremest roots of that duct to the ring-finger without being carried straight to the heart and infecting the whole man. So that is the finger on which is worn the wholesome little gold hoop of wedding-ring: sign and assurance of perpetual refreshment to the heart.

The wearing of a gem upon a ring was first suggested by a belief in occult powers of gems. These are fully credited and maintained by Dr. Lemne. Gems are clouded, he says, by the surrounding air; they copiously absorb the breath, and in like manner give out a light and subtle force. The doctor

says that he has often seen a turquoise become darker and paler, in sympathy with the state of health of the person wearing it. Here we have direct testimony again, to a delusion, and yet the witness is a highly educated man. There is hardly any gem that does not lose lustre (Dr. Lemne likewise knows) if it be worn by an intemperate man. So the faces of some women dim their mirrors. The cold moist origin of pearls was held to justify a considerable use of them in medicine. The toad draws to itself all poisons that it touches, and like property has the toad-stone—a stone with markings which suggest the image of a toad. The doctor names a family possessing such a stone, which he has often found to remove swellings caused by stings or venomous bites. One has only to rub it over the afflicted part.

The humours, Dr. Lemne says, are accountable for the fact that every one of us is in special peril at the age of seven, and afterwards at every age which is a multiple of seven, up to the most perilous climacteric: which is the age of nine times seven, or sixty-three. In the course of nature it takes seven years to produce a dangerous accumulation of the humours; but if, by getting bled every year in spring and autumn, one were to thin the humours, and delay the time of accumulation to some date which is not a multiple of seven in the years of life, danger would then be greatly lessened.

Shaving away the beard to the skin weakens character by exposure of so much of the surface of the head to cold. By cooling and enfeebling the lively humours there, it takes from the heart a great part of the stimulus which gives it courage at the approach of danger. Thus nations degenerate when their citizens and soldiers go with shaven chins. Neither is it good, says the learned doctor of three centuries ago, that we should exhaust our heads by washing them. What suited men's humours was a hearty rub at the face with a rough dry towel and a soaking of the beard in cleansing liquid. That makes the eyes clear, and the mind brisk. What this old doctor would have said of a daily tubbing and scrubbing is not known, because nobody was bold enough to imagine such a rash and wholesale interference with the coolings, stoppings, runnings, balancings, collisions, boilings, and smokings, of his four humours. He writes as if it were not safe for any one in delicate health to wash his feet without summoning a consultation of physicians.

"We must observe," he says, "when it is expedient to wash the feet, or desist from the business: in which the unskilled multitude sins at its own great peril, when with no choice or discrimination it busies itself about this, and will, even when a disease is coming on, insist on having the feet washed." So there was good old philosophy to dignify the good old dirt of the good old times.

THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

A YACHTING STORY.

CHAPTER XIV. WAVERING.

ON the next morning the town had really something to talk about. The encounter between the two gentlemen seemed to go round to every house like the post, and before twelve o'clock was known to every one in the place. Wildest speculation was afloat as to what was to—what *must* in decency—happen next. Conway was not at all displeased at an adventure which had turned out so fortunately, and made him into a temporary hero, though he was uncertain as to what would be the next step. Above all, his eyes wandered back to that delightful night—to those two unique girls—each of whom had her charm, and each of whom seemed to draw him away with a special attraction of her own. He would have liked this present dreamy indecision to endure for weeks, and even months.

It was now about one o'clock. He saw a boat coming out towards his yacht, and his mate came to tell him that it was "the chap has had attacked his honour last night." Seeming to wait instructions as to how they were to deal with the aggressor, Conway restrained them pettishly, for he foresaw that there was to be an attempt "to get up the burlesque of a duel," &c. Dudley came on board, asked him to go down to the cabin, and there closing the door, put out his hand with a sort of gloomy, enforced air, which did not escape the other. "I am sorry for last night," he said, "I should not have interfered with you. It was wrong to you and to her."

Conway received the amende cordially. "I am glad you have done this," he said. "It would not do either to have her name mixed up in a quarrel."

"That is just the reason," said the other. "I tell you so frankly. They had heard of it by this morning, and sent for me. You will guess the rest. You may congratulate yourself on such interest. Not a hair of

your head is to be touched. I shall interfere no more."

A thrill was at Conway's heart. "Whatever be the motive exciting you, Dudley, we shall say no more about the matter."

"She is not well, and must have her way. There! Have I said or done enough?" He then went down into his boat and was rowed away.

But there was another surprise for Conway during that day. As he was preparing his "shore toilette," a little troubled about that illness out at Panton, a letter was brought to him, which, as he read, literally made his ears tingle.

We have heard of the fracas of last night, and all the gossips are busy with the cause. I wish to be the first to offer congratulations to you in your new character of champion. What you will think of me for writing to you in this fashion, I know not, nor, indeed, care not. A poor clergyman's daughter, I have no right to reprove, or admonish one who is a mere stranger, but who has had the glorious amusement of *taking me in*. I own to you you succeeded in *that*. Shame on you! for I cannot write any longer with the conventional formalities. You may well be proud of what you have done. You have had your amusement, which is a most honourable one. But I write now to tell you, without formal quarrel, but not without indignation, that I decline to be the favoured object of what is sport to you, and what, you would not care, if it prove death to me. I mistook you, and never dreamed you would play so double a game. I do not blame your change of conduct or of views; but I must tell you plainly—and my character is disfigured by something like bluntness—that an interval of an hour to make such a change seemed needlessly cruel and unfeeling. As I am speaking candidly, and have some regard for your true interest, I may tell you that that partiality and attention, which you flatter yourself is owing to your own attraction, is in a great measure owing to *me*; that is, to a special dislike and jealousy with which I have been visited for several years now. It was enough that you were seen to show some regard for me, to excite what you might reasonably take for a partiality for yourself. It is because I have this interest in you that I would not have you deceived—though I know to what ungenerous motives I risk having this interference set down. In my short life I have never cared for appearances, as, in-

deed, they will all tell you in this place. That you may succeed, too, in the venture you have undertaken in pursuit of the tempting bait of fortune and estate is quite possible. For I believe her to be capable of indulging her humour to this extent. However, I feel that I have done my duty in giving this warning, and ask no thanks; only that we may continue on the footing of an agreeable acquaintance, without tempting me to reveal, for your entertainment, what you might call the sacred metaphysics of the heart.

JESSICA.

Conway was confounded by this epistle. He seemed, as the expression runs, struck of a heap. Afterwards came mortification, then something like anger. "This is free and easy indeed, and most engaging candour!" Then he thought how strangely blinded she could be by this mad dislike and jealousy. It was appalling. "But I disdain to set her right. Not a single word shall I speak. It is always the way. I am to be disappointed always; and judge people better than they are." Mr. Conway had a favourite metaphor about people "showing the cloven foot," applying the phrase even to slight misapprehension, some shape of this malformation always presenting itself. He was deeply hurt. It was something of a shock too, as there was a boldness, and, it seemed to him, even a want of delicacy, in the tone of that letter, so startlingly brusque and forward. The Honourable Mr. Conway was not accustomed to such plain speaking.

In this frame of mind he went ashore, and there heard a piece of news which was still more unfortunate in driving him from Jessica.

CHAPTER XV. A TEMPTING OFFER.

SOME people had remarked a sort of restless excitement about the young heiress during the course of that festive night, notably the friendly doctor. There was a flush in her cheeks, a restlessness in her eyes, which caused her watchful father some anxiety. Her health was always as sensitive as a delicate thermometer, and everything round her left some mark. Walking reflectively along, and in a very curious frame of mind, quite uncertain what his next step should be, Conway met the local doctor striding on, flushed with importance, as though in the exclusive possession of news. "Such a dreadful thing, my dear fellow! That poor girl, who was entertain-

ing us last night—such a nice dinner, and so well done in every way—best taste, good style, and all that——”

“But what has happened?” said Conway, impatiently.

“She has been seized. Capper sent for at six this morning—hardly time to dress oneself—a vessel gone—dreadful!”

On another occasion Conway would have smiled at these confused hints, and might have been justified in thinking that the doctor was alluding to some voyage. But he knew that the allusion was to the delicate throat and lungs of the young girl. When he was alone he could not but think of the strange last look of disappointment and uneasiness she gave over at where he was sitting with Jessica. And almost at once he associated this illness in some way with himself. This, not from vanity, but from a sort of instinct.

Then, as a matter of course, a feeling of compassion rose in him for this poor wayward, spoiled girl, whose impulses seemed to him most dramatic and interesting. She was truly *natural*, and that look *would* come back upon him.

By noon the news had spread through the place, that the heiress had been taken ill. The local doctor was the conduit pipe of this intelligence, making of his journeys as much splash and scamper as they could possibly bear. He returned with mysterious look, but with an almost suppressed delight, and announced it was a very serious matter indeed. Later, the great Leviathan of a London physician telegraphed for had arrived duly, with *his* stock of fussiness, looking very grave, consenting, as a sort of personal favour, to stop over the night. Mrs. Silvertop was in vast demand, waited on by “visitors,” waylaid in the town, and forced in to drink tea, while the local doctor, exceedingly deferential in presence of the London doctor, talked to his own friends of himself and that dignity in a partnership fashion, as “we.”

Conway hurried out to the castle to inquire, and the owner came down to him with deep trouble on his face. “You were the one I was wishing for,” he said. “You find us in a wretched way here. My poor child! I don’t know what we are to do. My only child too. I cannot lose her!”

“But is there really danger?” asked Conway. “This is terrible!”

“They have done all they could, that is, patched her up for the present; but they say they cannot answer for the future. The truth is, my poor darling has something

exciting on her mind—something her heart is set upon; and though I would give my own life to gratify her, still, in *this* I know not how to do so. If it was mere money, a matter of thousands—but there are things which all our money cannot procure for her.”

Conway looked mystified, yet he had a dim suspicion as to what was the meaning of all this.

“And yet,” the father went on, “would it not be like murder to let a mere matter of delicacy stand between me and the life of my child? I cannot let her waste and fret herself out of life rather than hang back from speaking plainly—and, above all, to *you*.”

“To me?” said Conway.

“Yes, to *you*. I know you will have indulgence for my situation. The truth is,” and the baronet’s eyes were fixed steadily on the ground, while he spoke very slowly and hesitatingly, “she—likes—*you*, and she has an idea that you like, or might like, her, but for the interference of certain other people. She has always been indulged,” pleaded the baronet. “She has hitherto only had to ask for anything to have it. Even this business of that bridge, the men are to begin at once. I give that up to her, though it will ruin me with the people; for I wished to be a member for this place one day. Mr. Conway, you must not think we are degrading ourselves. And I merely tell you, *you* are the physician, and can apply the remedy!”

Conway, almost flushed with pleasure at finding himself in this position—always a flattering one for a man when the conventional attitude of the parties is thus reversed. The other saw his hesitation.

“She knows nothing, poor child, as I live and stand here—no! You believe me to be a man of honour, Mr. Conway; and I tell you I would shrink from this step. I only want to save her life. Ask Sir Duncan Dennison, upstairs. He will tell you it hangs upon a thread. Be generous, or, at least, indulgent. Take time, and don’t give an answer now, but think it over.”

What was Mr. Conway to say or do? He was inclined to reject such a proposal promptly, and with the usual noble Roman air. Suitable words rose to his lips.

“You do me a very great honour, Miss Panton and you. I understand all perfectly, and can think you have only done what an affectionate father would do. I see nothing strange or degrading—nothing but what is natural, and a very handsome

tribute to myself, and I promise you I shall carefully consider the whole."

He went his way. As he got to the river he saw workmen standing about the bridge; poles and ropes, and other matériel for scaffolding, were on the ground. He knew what this was for, and his face turned backwards to the window of the castle, where the sick girl was lying. He spoke to the men, and they told him the removal was not to have begun until next week, but that the master had sent sudden orders to have it begun at once. The pretty bridge, light and airy, and a real ornament to the place, was to be rudely pulled to pieces, as though it were a birdcage in some bold child's hands. It would leave rude rents and gaps behind it in the bank, even though the ground on both sides would be trimmed up and smoothed. To such things the surrounding objects grow accustomed: they seem to miss them when they are gone. He stood and looked in a sort of reverie, now gazing at the condemned bridge, then glancing at the window, where she lay in such an extremity, and yet to whose wild whim this costly homage was being paid, at a moment when she might seem hurrying away beyond such trifles. There was something in this persistent determination to carry out this girlish vendetta to the end that he could not but be interested in, and even secretly admire.

As he passed on, the strange proposal that he had to think over came back on him. There was, indeed, something piquant in the situation, something, too, in the notion that here was an opportunity for a sacrifice that would be actually *noble*. More noble still the sacrifice of his own inclinations, which were with Jessica still, in spite of her brusque behaviour, and although he was formally severed from her by her own act; and, unless he was utterly astray in his judgment of her, she herself would be the one to urge him to such a sacrifice. Here, indeed, was he being plunged into the true drama—something of action, with play of character. But, above all, he thought, with triumph, what a refutation was here of Jessica's unworthy imputation. *This* looked like an effort of petty spite forsooth; it was the most genuine tribute he had met with in all his life. He longed that she should know it, and confess, with humiliation, what a base estimate she had formed of human nature.

Still what was he to do? Even if there

was something of sacrifice required, he was tempted to make it. To save the life of a natural genuine girl who loved him was not so terrible a holocaust after all; it would be a noble and unselfish act, and something to have lived for. There was a genuineness in this homage to himself which it would be a crime for him to pass over and leave unnoticed. His heart turned to Jessica, but her brusque, bold letter barred the way like a great gate.

As he was turning to walk home, one of his sailors came towards him, holding out a letter. He took it, and read, on the outside, "With great haste," and opened it. It ran:

Formanton.

MY DEAR BOY,—The crash is at last come, that you and I both prophesied long ago. It could not go on. You know whose extravagances have brought us to this. Bolton has in the most generous way staved off an execution, but another may be put in at any moment. You can, and must, save us. I have heard from several quarters that you are secure of Sir Charles's daughter. For God's sake, strike home if you can, and save us all from disgrace. Let none of your philosophy or refining come between us, on this occasion at least. Lose not a moment, for moments are precious; and I shall be with you myself almost as soon as you receive this.

Conway hurried on in the strangest whirl of mind that man could conceive. It seemed as though the Fates were bent on driving—forcing him, as with iron bars—into this marriage.

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